



SOUL THIEF—THE BEGINNING

By Andy Smilie

The Studio's Inquisitor campaign is just around the corner and I'm in need of a mighty Inquisitor and a band of equally impressive fellows to stage my bid for galactic conquest.

Up until now I've been gaming with my Space Marine Brother Areils and, fun as it is walking through everything my opponents can throw at me before ripping their warband to pieces, it's time for a change. Besides, what better excuse to try something new than a campaign? I wanted a warband with a strong theme and something a little bit different. There'll be no using Slick Devlan and calling him "Slippery Jack" or Severina and Sevara renamed as the "Deadly Dancing Twins". I'll convert the lot and come up with some nice background too. So where to start? Well, there are many ways to go about creating your Inquisitor warband. You can simply decide who or what you'd like fighting for you, roll up their stats, add some wargear and then build some models to suit. You can use any mixture of the pre-generated characters – pop along to your local GW, pick them up, add some glue and hey presto, one made to order warband. Alternatively you can have a rummage in your bits box or order some assorted parts and let your creation define the archetype. You can even write some background and go from there. In the end, however, you'll probably use a mix of these starting points. That's what makes Inquisitor such a rich and exciting game. Every warband is totally different from the next with physical attributes and abilities being as diverse as you'd expect from the 41st millennium.

So with all that in mind I reread the rulebooks, watched some movies and was still stumped for ideas. The only things I knew for sure were that I wanted an Inquisitor Lord to lead my group and Dolph Lundgren has come a long way since He-Man. Convincing myself squad-based shooters were good training for Inquisitor, I wasted a few hours running around the desert preserving world freedom before having another rummage around in my bits box. Bored and absent minded I started picking up pieces and pressing them together, seeing how they looked together. I came across some Fiend claws and thought they might look good on Severina and Sevara. I began to form the idea of turning them into Daemonettes and having some form of Slaanesh cult. Sadly this wasn't to be, the claws looked too big and I had no idea how to give them cloven hoofs. Still, the Slaanesh idea stuck with me and the longer I trawled my box for bits the more it became apparent that there was a lot of claws and tails in there. My mind made up I began to plan out a warband.

Going back to my earlier musings I decided to have an Inquisitor Lord leading the warband. I also decided "they" would be a "she" because I really like the Huntress model

*They're coming. I know.
Horrors. Such visions of death.
My mind burns with clarity.
These walls will not bar them.
The vastness of space swallowed
whole.
I know. They showed me.*

*They cannot be stopped.
I've seen the end.
Humanity stripped bare.
Piece by piece a jigsaw
unravelling.*

*We cannot escape, we are
defeated.
Sucked empty, husks blown to
ash in its passing.*

and I just felt it suited Slaanesh to have a woman lead my warband. Slowly I fleshed out the idea behind her and the rest of the warband. She'd obviously been a radical who had fallen too far from grace. Her followers had, through choice or blind devotion, joined her on the path to damnation and eternal bliss. For those of you who have read the Eisenhorn or Ravenor novels, you'll be aware of the various people in an Inquisitor's employ. I wanted the rest of my warband to reflect this with an obvious Chaotic twist to represent their allegiance. Being an Inquisitor Lord I thought it fitting that she had an Acolyte. A Techpriest seemed like another obvious choice as did some hired muscle. No Radical warband would be complete without a Daemonhost, so I opted for one of these as well. This left me with a rather large warband, far more than I'd use in most games. But like all established Inquisitors, my Inquisitor Lord would have a good pool of henchmen at her disposal. This would lend another element to my gaming, I could either tailor my force to specific scenarios or split my force up and fight in several arenas at once. All that worked out it was on to creating the characters proper, modelling them and writing up their character sheet.

Inquisitor Kanani Blessed of Slaanesh

Kanani was the focal point for my warband and I knew how she looked would end up reflected in the rest of the characters. Having already decided to base her on the Huntress model I needed to make her more Slaanesh-looking without altering her basic form, as at her core she had to be human. Turning her staff into a Daemon weapon helped with a number of things; it gave her a weapon which was also tied to Chaos and it provided me with a recognisable feature, the claw, which I could use on all of the models. The wings I added by chance as I thought the model seemed very front heavy. Although there were no clear cut rules for having wings I decided to invent some instead of opting for them to be purely ornamental. As I said before there is nothing wrong with building a model and tailoring the rules and stats to suit – if you're really unsure, check with the GM.

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
109	81	71	71	96	99	93	96	97

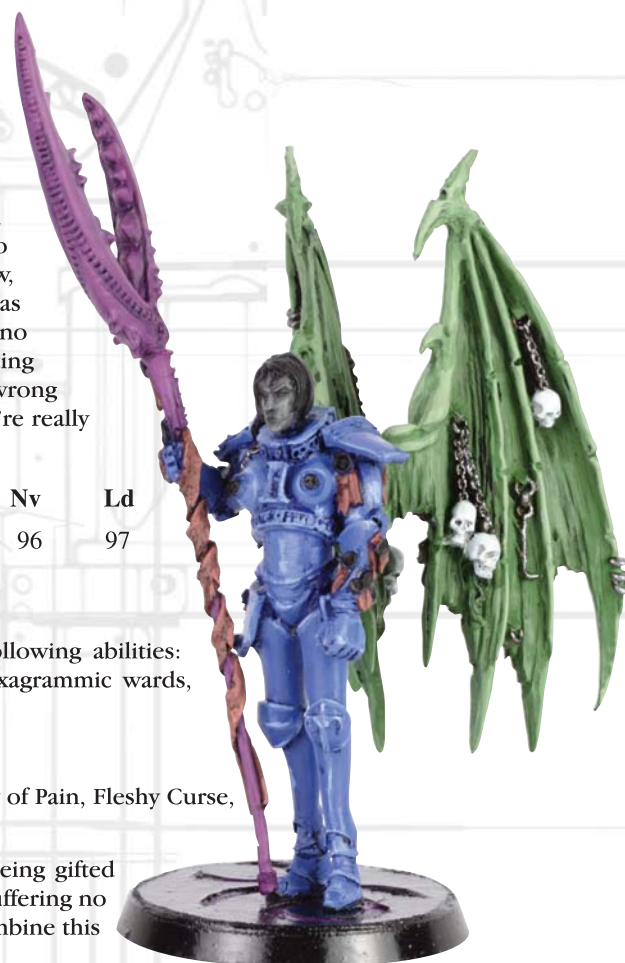
Speed: 6

Equipment: Force staff (Daemon weapon (WP 84) with the following abilities: Gnawing, Magic absorption, Magical lore, Entrance, Screaming.) Hexagrammic wards, displacer field, carapace armour on all locations except head.

Special Abilities: Force of Will, Nerves of Steel, Leader, Feint.

Psychic Powers: Dark Bliss, Phantasm, Hellshriek, Symphony of Pain, Fleshy Curse, Mastery of the Soul.

Wings: Kanani's pact with the Dark Powers has resulted in her being gifted with a set of wings. She can use these to fly up to 12 yards per action suffering no penalty for moving over or onto objects or structures. She may not combine this with other actions.



Seif-The Sword of Slaanesh

Seif was different from Kanani in that I wrote his rules first and then built the model. The idea of a Radical member of the Inquisition whose only tell-tale feature was his Daemonic face, really appealed to me. I could just imagine him cloaked and hooded, sneaking around until finally discovered whereupon he lets loose with the full Daemonic fury at his disposal. The question of how he came to be warped by Chaos was answered for me when I rolled the WP for his Daemon sword and it was higher than Seif's. The sword itself had warped his face and the two were now locked in a constant struggle for dominance. An Acolyte with a split personality disorder seemed like something entertaining to play so again I created a rule that would allow me to do so.

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
79	70	56	65	75	83	73	79	75

Speed: 5.

Equipment: Refractor field, carapace armour on chest, abdomen and groin; flak armour on all other locations except head. Pump action shotgun with 6 Manstopper, 6 Dumdum and 6 Executioner rounds. Laspistol with one reload, sword (Daemon weapon (WP 85) with the following abilities: Bound, Breathe, Deflection, Enfeeble, Resurrection.)

Special Abilities: Invulnerable, Feint. Mutation-Bony crest.

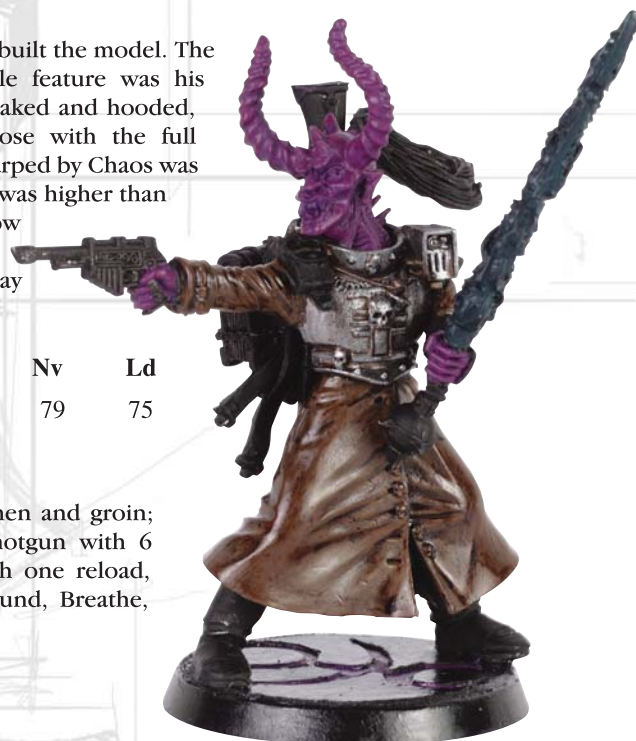
Psychic Powers: Hellshriek, Dark Bliss, Primal Horror.

Daemon weapon: As you have probably noticed, Seif's weapon has a higher WP than he does! Rather than have the GM control him as normal, the following rule is used instead:

At the start of every turn Seif has to take a WP test with a -20% adjustment. If he passes, he may act as normal, but if he fails one of two things will happen:

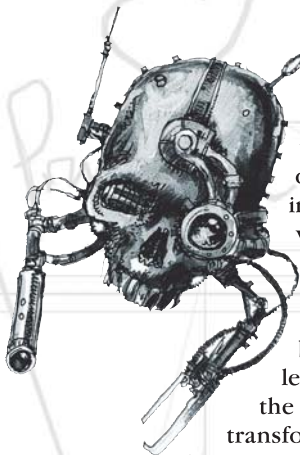
Failed by 10% - He may do nothing all turn as he and the Weapon fight for control.

Failed by more than 10% - The Daemon weapon takes over and he must act without any considerations for personal safety, going to any length to close with the enemy.





Techpriest Arimis Dias



Guitar wire. I really wanted to have a play around with some guitar wire and a Techpriest seemed about the best option available. I started off with the idea that the wire would be strung through his skin and used as a sort of self-mutilation device. However, with the introduction of the bionic legs, Artemis' legs were the only ones big enough to house the Bloodthirster's body, so I decided to use them as part of his augmentation. Arimis' upper body has been warped by Chaos and he replaced his own legs with some robotic alternatives, the exact details of his transformation could be explored later. I armed him with a big claw, which seemed to suit the rules of a decapitator and a bolter. He's got no re-load for his bolter as I imagine he runs up the battlefield on his mighty legs, trigger held down, before roaring into combat and using the chunky gun as a hammer.



WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
61	59	46	57	61	75	78	62	61

Speed: 4.

Equipment: Boltgun with range finder, claw (counts as Decapitator) power armour on legs, advanced bionic legs, average bionic heart.

Special Abilities: Daemonic-Impervious, Invulnerable, Fearsome. (Daemonic only counts on upper body, as his lower body is completely mechanical.) True Grit.



Classified Inquisitor, like other role-playing games, needs a Gamesmaster, someone to ensure everything runs smoothly and the players get maximum enjoyment from the game. They also help tie the games together and progress the story, as well as come up with some suitable surprises to keep things interesting. All in all the GM is a pretty important guy and yet more often than not, no one wants to take on the role. True, it is a little more work but the main reason is that players feel that to be the GM means they miss out on actually playing in the campaign. This simply isn't true; it just requires a different approach. Instead of your usual one-hat fits all you need two different hats. When acting as a GM you wear your GM hat, which I imagine to be some form of top hat, and become all knowledgeable and powerful, a God amongst gamers. Then, when acting as a player, you remove your GM hat and become a player, a bit less omnipresent and sporting a baseball cap. As long as you remember which hat you're supposed to be wearing you can't go far wrong. The other common misconception is that the GM must be present at every game, and although this is certainly better, sometimes the players might get along fine without one. This is especially true of one-off games. In especially large campaigns, such as Soul Thief, a GM can appoint assistant GMs who can fill in during their absence, assist with running large games and help to shape the story arcs.



Lok Morte

Lok Morte or Love Death, is my favourite model in the warband and he's pretty hard too. I used the random generator for a "Fighter" when rolling his stats as I felt it was the most appropriate way of doing it. His skills I picked because I felt they suited the model, especially Hipshooting and Rock Steady Aim.

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
66	45	63	66	44	50	51	71	56

Speed: 3.

Equipment: Bolt pistol with 12 Kraken rounds, 12 Metal Storm frag shells and 12 bolt rounds. Power armour on all locations except head and right arm. Claw (counts as Decapitator).

Special Abilities: Ambidextrous, Hipshooting, Rock Steady Aim. Daemonic-Fearsome.

Natimana

With Natimana I finally got to have a model with two claws, in fact that was pretty much the bases for the conversion. Using the Daemohost random generator for the stats, I altered Cherubael's special abilities and then picked the psychic powers I thought suited.

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
51	55	54	52	55	91	93	96	27

Speed: 4.

Equipment: None.

Special Abilities: Ambidextrous, Daemonic-Invulnerable; Possessed. Natimana's claws have the following abilities: Screaming, Gnawing and Entrance.

Psychic Powers: Warp Strength, Blood Boil, Mesmerism, Terrify.



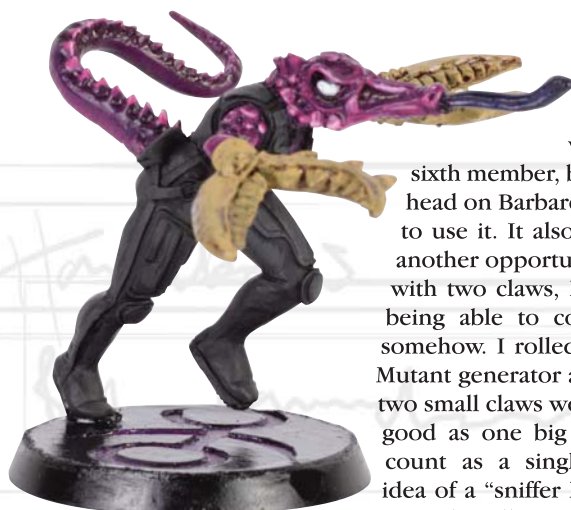
Naming your Inquisitor characters is just as important as any other part of character creation and in my opinion not naming them detracts from the whole experience. Imagine the scene:

"Thingy, get over here and lend What's His Face a hand."

"I can't Mr, That Guy There has me pinned down."

Not exactly very engaging. Just like everything else there are loads of places to draw inspiration from and if you're still stuck for what to call your characters, have a read through a babies names book. When naming my warband I turned to "50,000 Baby Names – from around the world" and gave my characters names whose meanings related to the characters. For example my Acolyte is called Seif which stands for religious sword. Although I would recommend that you don't let your better half catch you eyeing such a book!

Inquisitor, more than any other tabletop game, focusses on telling an interesting story. It's helpful to keep this in mind right from the start, especially when creating your warband. Before you even start attacking your miniatures with clippers or glue it's useful to have a think about what you want the finished feel of your warband to be like. Will they form part of a ragtag elite group or a regimented squad? You can even go as far as to decide on clothing or weapon options. Will they all have the same tech level, and if so, what? Are they all bodysuit wearing pros or tank top and combats sort of guys? With some added thought you can really add an extra element to your warband. Having so much to think about can be quite a daunting prospect and you might just be tempted to open up that pre-made character and glue them together but fear not for there is inspiration a plenty! Books, films and graphic novels are all good places to gather ideas from. Especially films like Predator, The three Musketeers or He-Man, where you have easily identifiable character types to look at. On an Underworld-induced high, I originally decided I wanted a band of super vampire killing machines, even getting as far as converting up Selena. In the end it wasn't to be and unlike my love for Kate, my love for Underworld was fleeting at best.



Mutant

I never originally intended to have a Mutant in my warband or indeed a sixth member, but when I stuck that head on Barbaretta's body I just had to use it. It also presented me with another opportunity to have a model with two claws, I'd make up for not being able to convert Daemonettes somehow. I rolled the stats using the Mutant generator and decided that the two small claws would effectively be as good as one big claw and therefore count as a single Decapitator. The idea of a "sniffer hound" type Mutant seemed really cool and I wanted the

Mutant's rules to reflect this. Using the Advanced Bionic Senses rule as a starting point, I ended up giving the Mutant +30% to all Detection rolls. The Mutant was the only member of my warband I didn't name as I felt it more fitting that it is just beaten and kicked around, than actually addressed.

WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
71	46	71	56	61	48	46	55	53

Speed: 4.

Equipment: 2 small claws (counts as a single Decapitator). Carapace armour on legs and chest.

Special Abilities: Catfall, Dodge, Furious Assault.

Heightened Senses: An elongated snout and sensitive tongue allow the Mutant to pick up on its surroundings through taste and smell. In games terms the Mutant gets +30% to all Detection tests.

I'd love to have been blessed with all manor of artistic talent and genius. I'd love to be able to look through the catalogue pages or website and decide exactly what bits I'd need and how to fit them together. Actually, I'd love to have had half a clue about where to start at all, but sadly I lack any such vision. So in true modern art fashion I ordered a lot of random bits, dug around my bits box for more odds and sods, and then dumped it all out on my desk. With the aid of some Blu-Tack™ I spent a some time testing different combinations until I was happy with the results. So don't worry if you don't have a particular model or conversion in mind when you start modelling, just have a bash and you'll get there.



You're only ever going to have a few models in your warband and it's worth taking some extra time over their bases. If you've taken the time to convert up and create a character for each model, the last thing you want is to ignore the base. This finishing touch can really finish a model off and add an extra bit of character. For my own Slaanesh warband I thought I'd try something different from the usual sand and static grass or wire mesh and metal flooring. In the end I decided on having the Slaanesh symbol sunk into the base. Although this represents no particular battlefield or terrain it does tie the models nicely together and with Inquisitor being more about the ongoing story rather than individual battles, I thought it more suitable.

Author

Andy Smilie is a keen writer who currently runs our trade accounts in Scotland. He has bravely volunteered to chronicle the upcoming campaign.



Further Information

The Soul Thief campaign starts in next month's issue. Over the page you'll find the prelude text. The Inquisitor range of figures, including the new Thorian can be purchased from Games Workshop Direct. See the How to Order section for more details.

More Inq Website

Go to page 20 for news on the new sourcebooks. .
www.Exterminatus.com

Prelude

There was a great deal of excitement throughout the city port of Chrone; over the past few months the city's population had effectively doubled. The streets were crowded with young and old, families, lone travellers, pilgrims, the destitute and those not so poor. From all walks of life, they continued to stream into the city. The city's boarding houses and lodges had long since run out of capacity and large, tented cities had appeared on the outskirts of Chrone soon after. A large proportion of the ever-growing population were refugees, the lucky few who managed to escape from the neighbouring Agripinaa sector that was plunged into war when the Arch-Heretic lay siege to Cadia. Even on Chrone the Ocularis Terribus dominated the night sky, its beauty overshadowing the ancient evil that hid within.

Despite the numbers and circumstances of many, a great festival atmosphere pervaded throughout. Morrin, who had lived and was born in the city a mere thirty-two years ago, had never seen anything like it before, yet apparently, or so he was told, it is always like this in the last few days before the monolithic, Warp-capable passenger-liner, the Cantilous Bex arrived. Chrone was the last great intake before a warp jump across the system to the staging planet of Cyapede, where those wishing the risky voyage to the besieged planet of Cadia may depart. This gave credence to the rumours that were flying around the city that the most revered and feared of the Emperor's servants were here on Chrone and in numbers.

Morrin had been extremely lucky, he was but a low-level scribe working for the Rexus Mundi Cartel, the owners and operators of the Cantilous Bex yet he had been honoured with the position of being one of the boarding stewards for the sovereign decks during the Great Boarding Ceremony. The awarded position was a great surprise to him and the other staff in his department; such a job was usually awarded to long-standing members of the Cartel who had given a lifetime (or at least many decades) of loyal service. His co-workers had acted indignantly with envy to the news, but this did not bother Morrin, for he was being granted access to the Cartel hospitality suites where the passengers of the Majestic and Sovereign decks waited to board. Even though Morrin would only be there as a boarding steward he would never witness such opulence at any point of his life again.

The great space liner pondered into the planet's atmosphere. It was a big craft, especially for a civilian vessel, being nearly as big as a naval cruiser. The great ship entered into the lower hub of the atmosphere effectively blocking out the sky across the city port. The population went into rapture. Dancers and parades filled the already teemed streets, vast fireworks exploded and music filled the air, the Cantilous Bex had arrived!

It had been one hundred and fifty Terran years since the Bex last dominated the sky over Chrone. Even then it was considered early, the generational voyage around the Cassus sector usually took around one hundred and seventy years, but due to the vagaries of warp travel an accurate time-table would never be applicable. The Chrone Bureau of the Cartel had known for the last ten years that the Warp liner was going to be early and had planned for this moment for the last decade. The Thirteenth Crusade of Abbaddon had caused the Cartel much concern at the Cassus sector's proximity to the theatre of war but luckily the Arch-Heretic's forces had shown little interest in this sector of space, and with the influx of refugees from the nearby sectors that were not so lucky, the Cartel stood to make quite a profit.

The great boarding shuttles detached from the Bex and made their way through the atmosphere towards the city port – even these were gigantic vehicles many times the size of Chrone's largest building. There were five shuttles in all; it had been well publicised that each shuttle would make eight trips to and from the Bex in total, the whole boarding process taking three days.

Morrin stood gaping at the vast suite before him. The furnishings, the décor, the retinues of nobles that now sat chatting, drinking or patiently waiting, the sheer affluence of it all was almost more than he could take. A large balding man, as tall as he was wide, in the breast coat and uniform of the Cantilous Bex snapped him out of his trance.

"Get to your designated position, you vile little rat" it was barely an audible whisper but it hit Morrin as if he'd been punched in the stomach. The scribe-turned-steward made his way to one of the eight large sets of ornate metal doors at the far side of the cavernous room. A mild panic began to take hold of him, as he was still unsure of what his actual duty would be. The tallest of the three other stewards at the gate approached him.

"Do not touch the guests" he snapped, "Make sure their boarding pass is valid when it is shown".

"What if there is a problem with the pass" Morrin asked meekly.

"There won't be" The tall steward snapped again.

The unmistakable noise of screeching metal filled the suite much to the discomfort of some of the nobles. This was followed by all manner of clanking sounds from behind the great metal doors of which Morrin now stood. A Tech-priest made an appearance with a small retinue of acolytes chanting and waving incense burners in turn at each of the eight boarding gates. After what seemed an eternity to Morrin, the Techpriest departed and the clanking noises from the other side of gate died away. A green hue filled the vast room followed by pleasant beeping sound. The assembled nobles gave off an audible bubble of excitement as the metal doors slowly began to open inwards revealing the docked boarding shuttles equally vast insides.

In a barely controlled rush the nobles began to seethe forward towards Morrin and the stewards at the other seven gates. The large balding man stood centrally in front of all eight of the gates, he seemed unfazed by the rushing crowd. The crowd suddenly stopped in its tracks yards from Morrin's position as if pushed aside by some unseen force they parted. Two tall men armed and encased in black armour emerged their faces covered in masks. The two men were followed by an equally tall man dressed in a bright white hooded cloak that concealed his face. A third armoured man followed the robed figure. Morrin's barely controlled panic began to heighten as the armed party silently approached him. As they got closer Morrin could make out a red 'T' insignia upon the shoulders of the armed men. The leading Storm Troopers stopped a mere yard from Morrin.

"You!" bellowed one straight in Morrin's face. There was complete silence through out the suite so all heard. "Before you stands a representative of the immortal Emperor of Mankind incarnate. He has modestly decided to travel upon your most humble craft". Morrin's legs were visibly shaking, his mouth was dry and he struggled to summon the words to ask for a boarding pass, before he could, the Storm Troopers paced forward physically pushing him to the side. The rest of the passengers boarded. It took half the day to board the shuttle. Morrin was exhausted, and was leaning against a console when the large bald man approached.

"You're done," he said producing an auto pistol and pointing at his head. "What?" cried Morrin. "Why do you think a rat like you was summoned here?" The bald man stated in his gruff whisper. "We needed an untampered mind to greet that robed fool, and now you have no more use. I've always hated rats – disgusting creatures" he said pulling the trigger.